

I Can Feel It

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Summary: Leia senses Luke's tortuous ordeal at the hand's of the Emperor from the battle on the moon of Endor. She tries to understand her growing experience of the Force, and fears desperately for her brother's life on the Death Star. Meanwhile, Han is conflicted: he envies Luke for seemingly having won Leia's heart, but he grieves for the almost certain loss of his friend.

I Can Feel It

Leia stopped in her tracks outside the bunker. A vague but terrible pain had seized her, and yet she knew that it was nothing, somehow.

Nothing compared to what he was feeling.

Han had noticed. He touched her shoulder protectively.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Luke," she gasped weakly. Han's heart sank and he hated himself for it. It was ugly to see Luke as a rival, especially now, when the kid had gone off to face such peril aboard the Death Star. But he couldn't help it; he loved Leia.

"He's going to be fine," he said calmly. "He's gotten out of tighter jams before; you know he has. He'll be back to you before you know it."

Leia shook her head, now with tears in her eyes. "Han, they're killing him! I can't explain how I know, but I can feel him and he's dying!"

Han's stomach dropped. In spite of his cynicism and skepticism about what he considered to be Luke's eccentric religion, he found he believed Leia when she claimed to know these things. And the idea

made him feel so ashamed of his jealousy. Truthfully, he had grown to love Luke as a brother, and at this news, his heart was heavy with grief. He took Leia in his arms and she held him tightly.

"It'll be over soon," said Han gently, his own voice breaking slightly. Leia squeezed tighter. "Lando won't fail; he'll blow that thing to hell. If Luke can't get away, at least, he wo-," Han stopped short to swallow a lump in his throat. He and Leia held each other tightly. "He won't suffer anymore," How could he possibly have given any mind of his jealousy? Now all he wanted was for Luke to live; he would just have to find a way to live with Leia choosing Luke, but that would be his burden.

Leia was in agony. Now the picture in her mind was coming together more clearly. Her brother had stopped screaming, but his pain was worse than ever. She thought he might now be unable to breathe.

Suddenly, she heard a hideous and sinister voice her head. She had never heard it before, but she knew it belonged to the Emperor.

"And now young Skywalker," it said evilly. "You will die."

The pain exploded with new vigor, and Luke's face appeared in her mind. He looked like he had aged many years since she'd last seen him. He closed his eyes and Leia grieved, for she felt certain that now she had seen those beautiful blue eyes, so full of kindness and idealism, for the last time.

Before leaving the moon, Luke had begun to explain to her that she too could use the Force. But now, she cursed herself for her very limited understanding. She hated that she lacked any way to help him. The best she thought she might be able to do was to somehow reach out to him and bring him some comfort at the end.

"I love you so much," she whispered aloud through her tears, concentrating heavily on Luke. To her surprise, she heard his voice, soft and shaky in her mind.

_I failed Leia, _he said. _I'm so sorry. _

"No, you fought so bravely," she insisted. "So very bravely."

Suddenly, there was nothing. Leia's heart froze as she lost sight of her brother. She couldn't feel the lightning anymore.

She realized that this could only mean one thing: Luke was gone.

She cried. Han embraced her warmly and comfortingly. She was so grateful for Han. She hadn't yet told him what she'd learned about Luke, but the love she shared with Han was so strong that even now, it comforted her immensely. She would tell him soon enough. It looked like they were finally going to succeed in bringing down the Empire. The future was bright. It was devastating and painful to think that Luke wouldn't be there to see it, but at least they would have each other. They could have a long and happy life together, and they would always cherish the memory of her heroic brother.

Suddenly though, she felt him. She wasn't sure what to make of that

or what it meant. Perhaps when a person died, he could still be felt in the Force. But something told her this was different. She wasn't seeing as clearly, but she was sure she felt her brother. He was still weak and in pain, but the terrible torture had relented. There was another person she sensed too, and this was truly unsettling. It was someone who loved her. Someone else in that horrible thrown room who loved Luke.

Anakin Skywalker.

"He's alive," she said suddenly.

"What?"

"He's been saved," said Leia. "The Emperor is dead!"

"But who?" asked Han. "How?"

Leia wasn't sure how she knew, but she was sure what had happened. She hoped Han wouldn't think she'd lost her mind. "Our father, Han. Our father saved him?"

"Our?" asked Han, incredulously. "As in, yours and, and Luke's?"

"He's my brother," she explained.

"Brother?!"

"Yes," she said quickly. "Before he left, he told me. He's my twin brother."

"And your father?" asked Han, trying feebly to keep up with this onslaught of new information.

"Vader," said Leia solemnly.

"Vader saved Luke?" somehow to Han, that part seemed the most unlikely element of this tale.

"I know it makes no sense," she said, feeling embarrassed. "I'm still trying to understand myself. But Luke can tell us both more."

"He's your brother?" Han asked again, returning his attention back to this bit of information. Suddenly, it occurred to him that this was the happiest thing he'd heard in a very long time.

Leia smiled broadly.

"I thought you," Han trailed off; now it was his turn to feel embarrassed. "You and heâ€¦"

"Never," said Leia mischievously. Han's face lit up with delight as she leaned forward to kiss him.

"Everything is going to be ok," she said. "He'll get off the station and come back to us. I'm sure of it. I can feel it."

End

file.